

The Final Stand Of Kalchima

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Summary: This is a romance, yet hard hitting and action paced...will get much better POST YOUR REVIEWS AND ENCOURAGE ME TO WRITE MORE please. Also this has a similar title as another halo story, but mine is completley different. Oh, and It's rated a T but I would

The Final Stand Of Kalchima

The Last Stand/ Planet Kalchima/ Outer Colonies, 1334 hours, January 2543 (Military Calendar)/ in orbit above Kalchima/

The UNSC forces were crippled, even out of the hundred ships left; only ten had working Shaw Fujikawa translight engines. All they could do was fightâ€|to their certain death. The covenant had far better technology and two hundred ships in-system; they would obliterate UNSC's orbital forces then glass Kalchima. It was only a matter of time.

The strange thing was that the covenant had significant number of forces on the surface of Kalchima, according to SpySats upwards of a hundred thousandâ€|something was going on; either that or the covenant would glass the planet with their own soldiers down there.

"Hey, Resas get a firing solution on them boarding craft, archer missiles. Ten minutes ago!" The captain of the _Yemen _ordered

"Yes sir, archer pods launched." Resas confirmed. On the forward monitor they saw boarding craft explode as archer missiles slammed in to them sending debris spiralling out over space; meanwhile longsword fighters battled it out with covenant seraph fighters. _They're fighting in vein_, thought the captain. _I but at least they can take some of those ugly bastards with 'em._

Debris of destroyed ships drifted aimlessly, while there were explosions and super heated plasma lancing across space, splashing across the hulls of human ships.

The bridge rocked violently as a bolt of plasma hit the _Yemen's_ hull, melting the solid Titanium-A armour like butter. "Reactors at thirty-four percent. Just enough to keep life support systems, weapons systems and com-systems onlineâ€|we're sitting ducks." Reported Hughes. The captain's face never faltered; "Okay, Cole Protocolâ€| set self destruct."

"Two hours, sir?" The Corporal asked.

"The covenant might get the coordinates for earth from this ship in two hours corporalâ€|forty-five minutes." Said the captain. The corporal nodded, he knew the price would be too high if the covenant found earth. "Aye, Captain."

Captain Kalathos knew there was not much left to do now but wait; but he wouldn't die waiting for the covenant fuckers to blow them up.

"Launch all escaped pods and cryo tubes." He barked.

"Escape pods and cryo tubes launched, sir." Replied a bridge officer.

"Make the Marines and ODST's aware of the situation and get them to mobilise. We're going down to the surface."

"Aye, sir."

PFC Lorenz and PFC Cruz were in their underwear on the bed when the Lieutenant burst in to the room. "If it ain't Romeo and goddamn Juliet!" Exclaimed the Lieutenant.

"Lorenz is that a snake, or are you just pleased to see me."

"Sorry LT butâ€|err." The lieutenant stared him and started laughing, he just shook his head and said, "Just get mobilised, and Cruz, you look pretty 'perky' today." He walked off howling in laughter. "Screw you!" Cruz shouted after him.

Lorenz pulled up his combats and laced his dog tags round his neck, "Jeez, we can't even die in peace."

"I know, and it had to be that asshole to ruin it." Cruz said as she pulled on her vest and armour. Lorenz passed Cruz her MA5B and a few clips; he then fastened some frags to his utility belt.

There was a hiss of static over the COM, and then the active briefing started. "All ODST's and Marines, we have become sitting ducks, and the captain has planned a mission to the surface to take out as many covenant forces as we can, other ships are also cooperating. Also there are upwards of a hundred thousand covenant troops down there, so there'll be enough to go around. We'll be going down in pelican dropships and the ODST's will go hard drop. You have ten minutes to get ready then you will go with your platoon to designated pelicans and ODST's go to your drop stationsâ€|update in ten minutes. God speed." The COM clicked off.

Cruz gave Lorenz a peck on the cheek and whispered, "I love you." Lorenz gazed into her sharp emerald eyes and whispered, "Love you too baby."

They started sprinting to the hangar.

Marines fled en masse through the ships narrow corridors, the resounding sound of the boots clanging on the metal floors was deafening. You could hear the cries of Marines eager to get into the battle; most Marines hated being stuck in a space battle they preferred to be on solid ground, where they could make a difference; not in orbit sitting around waiting for a bolt of plasma to turn them into molten slag.

Lorenz went over to the quartermaster, who was handing out duffel bags of ammo and supplies; he was also wearing a Santa Claus hat.
"Hey Santa, can I have bag." Lorenz said, the quartermaster managed a grin as he passed Lorenz a duffel bag and he gave him another bag.
"Lotus Anti-Tank mines, blow a hole in anythingâ€|Enjoy."

Lorenz slung them round his shoulder and carried on to the hangar, as fast as he could.

When he arrived he saw his platoon by the pelican with _Thor _written on the nose in thick black paint. He took in his surroundings and in this hangar he counted two-dozen pelicans and saw engineers arming each one of them whilst platoons huddled around making equipment checks. When he got to his platoon he stood in line as the lieutenant called out their names and the Marines had to shout back, "Yes sir!"

"Okay, Marines first." Called the lieutenant,

"PFC Gerard Wallace."

"PFC Rudy Kolman."

"PFC Marc Lorenz."

"PFC Faye Benson."

"Lance Corporal Kate Ryan."

"PFC Stanley Davis."

"PFC Rebecca Cruz."

"PFC James Fulham."

"PFC Teri Price."

"Corporal Joey Li."

"PFC Will Carver."

"PFC David Redstone."

"Alright, now Naval." He said,

"Lieutenant Martha Johansson, Pilot."

"Corporal Nathan Simmons, Co-Pilot."

"Okay, equipment checks double time!" Barked the lieutenant.

Lorenz walked over to Cruz, "I bought you a present." Said Lorenz passing her the duffel bag. "You got me tank mines, aw that is so sweet." She started laughing, and Ryan looked at the mines and tutted, "What happened to flowers and a box of chocolate?"

"I know Kate, but it's rare he gets me anything—" The ships speakers cut her off.

"All personnel, we're leaving in ten minutes on the dot, saddle up and hold on tight." The sound echoed across the vast hangar, again the COM clicked on and the Captains voice came over the speakers. "Helljumpers launch three minutes prior to the initial offensive. All pelicans will have longsword fighter escorts; pilots, designate your escorts now; then pray you make it down to the surface intact, if you do, kill every covenant motherfucker you see. That's an order." This incited a series of jubilant screams and cheers by all the Marines in that hangar, as they boarded their pelicans getting ready for the assault.

Lorenz sat next to Cruz and fastened his harness. Then he leaned over to her and they kissed, ignoring the dismayed cries of Rudy and Joey, like "Get a room!" and "You've gone soft Lorenz." He just focused on her tongue and his. He then felt a slap round the head. He turned round and saw the lieutenant, "Romeo, keep your damn tongue out that whores mouth and focus. This ain't gonna happen again, 'cause if it does I'll cut your balls off." Lorenz's blood boiled, and he unbuckled his harness and stood. "You call her a whore again and I'll smash your fucking face in, sir."

The lieutenant stepped forward and took a swing, but Lorenz had anticipated it and he ducked, and the lieutenant swore as his fist broke, smashing into the titanium wall of the pelican. Lorenz delivered a swift uppercut to his jaw then a straight punch to the lieutenant's nose, and tripped the lieutenant sending him crashing to the floor. Lorenz dropped to his knees and repeatedly pounded him in the face; he heard a sickening crack as the lieutenant's jaw broke, and another when his nose broke. This sent a fountain of blood spraying over Lorenz's face.

By the time Joey and Rudy had unbuckled their harnesses and pulled Lorenz away, the lieutenant's face was smeared in bruises and blood; his jaw was the most promiscuous injury and was literally hanging off his chin. Teri Price, the platoons corpsman went over to the lieutenant and surveyed his injuries, whilst Joey and Rudy pushed Lorenz into his seat calming him down. The truth was, Lorenz still wanted to hit the lieutenant; but Rudy was six foot seven, and burly as they come, so struggling was futile. Lorenz wiped the splatters of blood from his face, and put on his harness. "I'm okay guys, honestly." Lorenz said as he looked at Joey and Rudy standing over him. They walked back to their seats, and Lorenz turned round to Cruz sighed, "Sorry Rebeccaâ€œ|" She looked at him and smiled, "I don't know if that was the stupidest thing or the best thing you've ever done for me."

Price said that the lieutenant had a broken jaw, broken nose, fractured cheek bone, concussion, and his left eye was pushed back into its socket. She also said if they weren't going on a suicide mission she would seriously think about telling ONI exactly what happened.

The green light signal was given, and the pilot shouted into the back, "I hope ya'll having fun back there, 'cause it's about to interesting." The pelican's engines roared into life, the jets burned white-blue. The air was sucked out of the hangar as they bay doors opened, and Lorenz could feel the dull vibration reverberating through his seat; then they accelerated out of the hangar into the battle raging in space.

"Out of the frying pan..." Moaned Carver across the COM; they had to use the helmet mic's now because of the noise the pelican's whirring engines made.

"Marine." Said Johansson, "Did I give you permission to bitch."

"No ma'am." He replied.

"Then keep your sweet little trap shut."

Seraph fighters fired at them, but the longswords' intercepted it and took the covenant craft down with missiles. There was a loud clank as the fragile and shieldless carcass of the seraph glanced across the roof of the pelican.

"Hey," Said Ryan, "You know Seraph is meant to mean angel or something in latin...or maybe it's greek I'm not too sure, but is something to do with angels."

"They don't look like angels to me." Said Fulham. "Hey, corporal you're good with words, right?"

Simmons got his handheld console, "Uh, it means one of an order of celestial beings, each having three pairs of wings. In ecclesiastical art and in poetry, a seraph is represented as one of a class of angels."

"Simmons, I saw that you cheated." Joked Johansson. The mood on the pelican improved, but the tension was still getting to everyone. The fear of getting blown out of the sky before they hit the ground was worse. Just one bolt of plasma.

"Okay, I got intel sayin' that helljumpers secured an LZ, and it's up to yours truly to get you there in one piece." Said Johansson, and Simmons glared at her. "What about me?" He asked

"Co-Pilot don't count Simmons." She laughed, everyone aboard found it amusing but Simmons. "Okay, we enter the atmosphere in..."

"Five."

"Four." The pelican shook.

"Three." The vibrations became more intense

"Two." Dim yellow fire streaked across the pelicans nose cone.

"One!" The dropship shook violently, making the Marines' bones rattle, and the streaks of fire worked their way to the mid-section

of the ship. They were being followed by seraphs and the pelican next to them exploded in a ball of fire as a seraph crashed into it kamikaze style. "Oh, shit...they just flew into four-niner." Johansson remarked.

"Why would they do that for?" Asked Carver. "I mean, we're gonna die anyway."

"Stop bitchin' Carver." Said Johansson as she tried to outmanoeuvre the seraphs. The last two longsword escorts exploded as the seraphs flew into them. "Okay, she gettin' hard to move around now, so I'm gonna have to slow down so they go past me, then I can get it clear shot. But it's damn risky...if you got any ideas nows the time." Said Johansson, not losing her cool navy tone once.

"Ma'am, I got some tank mines." Said Cruz.

"Sorry girl, but we're fighting seraphs not tanks." Replied Johansson.

"I can open the boarding ramp and throw them at the seraphs, set the timer for five seconds or so, and then when it hits, boom."

Johansson nodded her head, "I'm with ya, but its gone be hell trying to control _Thor _here, but he can handle it...do your worst."

"I'll help." Said Lorenz.

"Sure, I enjoy it when we do things as a couple." Cruz said, "Seems my present come in use for something."

"Okay, I take it back." Said Ryan, "I guess you can't kill aliens with flowers and chocolates."

There was a loud hiss and air blasted relentlessly, as the boarding ramp dropped. There were about fifty pelicans spaced out across the horizon. They shot through the clouds and tried to ward off the pursuing seraphs, fortunately the seraphs lost their renowned manoeuvrability in Kalchima's atmosphere.

Lorenz and Cruz attached a tether to the pelican in case they fell out of the back and Cruz then tossed Lorenz a mine; they both set the timer for five seconds and threw them, frisbee style. Lorenz's mine bounced past one of the seraphs and exploded mid air, whereas Cruz's hit home and the seraph exploded. "One down!"

Because the pelican was descending at such a high speed, it simulated zero gravity, and this meant Cruz and Lorenz were virtually floating. It was good because it was easier to throw the mines accurately, and they had to make each mine count.

Two more seraphs exploded as mines detonated and there were only three more left. Just then bolts of automatic plasma seared into the pelican, sending splashes across the deck, "Shit! My leg!" Cried Carver. As lower leg literally melted, sending out a smell of burning flesh through the pelican.

"We're touching down in three minutes." Reported Johansson, "Get rid of those seraphs before they get a good shot a finish us off."

Cruz and Lorenz successfully took out two seraphs after a few failed attempts. The pelican carried on descending at a phenomenal speed and the last seraph following them was becoming unstable; in most cases they would ascend to orbit but following the kamikaze tactics being used Lorenz had a feeling it would sooner just fly into the pelican.

Cruz threw her mine and it missed, and Lorenz did likewise. "We only have one left." Shouted Cruz, as it was even hard to hear over the COM with the rushing wind.

"Give it to me." Lorenz replied.

"Don't miss." Cruz threw the mine to him.

Cruz put on his anti-flash goggles and leapt out of the pelican, and his body was immediately assaulted by the wind. He saw the twin fuel rod cannons glow as the seraph made a beeline towards the pelican, closing in fast. Lorenz armed the mine as he collided into the seraph; he dropped the mine and kicked off it towards the pelican. He felt the concussion wave as he returned to the pelican.

"Nice moves." Said Redstone, in the seat closest to the boarding ramp.

"Thanks." Replied Lorenz as he returned to his seat. The boarding ramp closed, making the inside of the pelican sound much quieter. Johansson reported that there were only forty-one pelicans left.

"Okay everyone, we are coming in way too fast; and I'm deploying parachutes and party poppers; they should slow us down." Said Johansson.

'Party Poppers' were actually retro boosters attached to a high tension cord, and the parachutes were deployed like parachutes, except for the fact they were steel flaps shaped like a +; similar to those on drop pods.

A bumpy few minutes later Johansson reported they were at normal approach velocity, and the party poppers and parachutes were jettisoned.

Li, now in command motioned for Price to assist Carver, Price observed the wounds.

"Okay, your patella is intact, but your tibia and fibular are all that's left of your lower leg, and the nerves and blood vessels are severed and melted. If I cut below the patella, the artificial limbs onboard will enable near perfect mobility but the cut will be dangerous and painful. If I cut above you should survive, but you'll be out of action."

"I want, t-to walk." Said Carver through gritted teeth, and so Price pulled out a laser bone saw and got to work.

"Lieutenant, how long till touch down?" Asked Li.

"Six minutes, Corporal." Johansson replied.

"That's how long you've got to fix Carver, Price." Said Li.

The next one minute passed without a word, the only sound was of engines, distant combat and the squelching sound bio-foam sealing Carvers cut. It was Fulham who broke the ice.

"It's funny, how all of a sudden we find these 'Covenant' bastards blowing outer colonies and we're in life or death war. I mean, the threat used to be rebels, pirates. But they were always easily crushed; now we face something that threatens our whole existence." It was Benson who spoke next.

"I know, but we have unpredictability on our side, that can be the biggest weapon in a war. Not only that, but we have brains too. They may have more advanced technology but we can steal it, and make it better. We have innovation, unlike them. They may be intelligent but are linear, like Neanderthals. For their time Neanderthals did some pretty cool shit, but they lacked innovation. But Homo Sapiens Sapiens had that and that's why they were better." She took a break.

"Have you heard of the SPARTAN II Project? ONI has got it locked up as tight as a nun's pussy, but it gets around. They've created super soldiers that they've bred since children and injected the poor little bastards with some stuff that makes their bones hard and other shit that makes them think quickerâ€œ|I heard half of 'em died at a young age. But they could turn the tides on this war." She concluded.

"I heard that the leader is codenamed '117'." Said Davis.

"Well I'll beâ€œ|Spartan 117, got a ring to it, huh?" Chimed in Johansson.

Price attached the artificial limb to Carver and sealed it by melting it into place. He just gritted his teeth while tears streaked down his face.

"Two minutes to touchdown people." Said Johansson.

"Okay, check your weapons and safety off." Said Li.

"Banshees at eleven o' clock." Said Simmons.

"Fire." Said Johansson.

Simmons looked through the target reticule over his eye and fired the 30mm cannon. The Banshees' shield flickered and died then the craft exploded.

"Dropship at two o' clock." Said Johansson.

Simmons got a lock and two archer missiles careered from the pelican and slammed into the covenant Dropship.

End
file.